

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



LET THEM WONDER.

## LANG TAM TAMSON.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not in the nature of woman not to be curious about the progress of this singular courtship; and not very long after Tam's visit to the manse, my mother and I took our after-dinner walk along the hills, on some ridge of which Tam was sure to be feeding his flock.

We could never be certain, however, of finding

him at leisure; we often found him too busy for more than a passing word. For instance, there were the shearing and branding times every year; and if disease appeared among the sheep, the shepherd had sometimes a hard time of it. And portions of the flock had occasionally to be separated from the rest for the markets; and this, though with the aid of men and dogs, was often a work of time and trouble. Many an afternoon did my mother and I in our rambles sit down and watch such attempts at

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

selection with unfailing interest. The struggles of the captured sheep to return to their scared and bewildered fellows, whose plaintive and responsive bleatings echoed loudly along the hillsides; the eager panting dogs that hemmed the captives in, or gave chase to some terrified individual that had regained its liberty, and was frantically rushing here and there, only to meet these ubiquitous tyrants at every turn it made; the guiding cries of the shepherds, the ceaseless barking of the dogs, made up a scene of much excitement and amusement to us, though mingled with pity for the poor "silly sheep," whose innocent white or black faces seemed to appeal to us for it.

But no such busy scene presented itself anywhere to us this afternoon as we walked along the hilltops towards that portion of them pertaining to Mr. Telfer's farm. It was a mild spring-like day, though we were in the heart of winter; and we were so fortunate as to find Tam sitting quietly alone on the sheltered side of his favourite knoll, with his dogs, as usual, lying at his feet.

Both my mother and I delighted greatly in the fresh breezy air of those green hillsides, and in the sense of calm and sweet solitude which they created. Not that they possessed the actual loneliness of being far removed from the neighbourhood of men—there were farmhouses and cots in their vicinity; but so shaped and arranged were these hills as to make this impression upon the mind. Green swelling slopes, with rounded summits, appeared clustered together—a tumultuous, undulating, grassy sea—when once you had surmounted the outmost overlooking ridge, and turned your face from the more open country that you had ascended from. Not a habitation of man was then visible; nothing but a verdant hilly desert, with here and there a grey boulder embedded in the turf, looking like a solitary sentinel keeping watch over the quiet hillsides.

My mother alluded to this peculiar characteristic of the scenery; and to the feeling of peace and serenity which, she said, it always imparted to her, as she sat down on the grass over which Tam insisted on spreading his plaid for our accommodation.

"Ay, mem," said Tam, looking round about him reverently, and then up at the blue sky, where masses of white cloud were slowly sailing, casting, when not obscuring the wintry sun, long moving shadows on the pleasant slopes; "ay, mem, it's a grand thing to be alone with the works of God. I would rather follow a shepherd's life than any other trade just on account of this. We are busy enough at times, but then we have plenty of leisure between both for reading and thinking; and it's wonderful what thoughts come into my head as I sit by myself on the hillside, with no a sound to be heard around me but now and then the bleat of a sheep or the chirp of a bird. Such verses there are in the Psalms now about a shepherd's life. I often croon over the twenty-third:—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by—"

just as if I was David my own self keeping my father's sheep on the hills of Bethlehem. Isn't there the 'pastures green' here too, mem? Could anything be greener and more pleasant to look at than these bonnie sloping braes, with the sunshine

and the clouds streaking them time about? Did you ever see a finer day for the time of year, mem? it's as if the winter was making up for the bad summer we had. Well, and as for the 'quiet waters'—just look, mem, at that burn down there below us; it's never dry in the hottest summer, for it has its source in a deep loch lying far back among the hills, that's aye kept brimming with the hundreds of wee water-courses that trickle down the hillsides after every shower. And there it goes winding in and out among the hills; and even on the lowliest summer day, when there's no enough of wind, you would think, to blow a thistle down off, you'll no hear a murmur from it; for it just steals through the grass, and there's no a rock or a big stone in all its course hereabouts to disturb it."

"You are quite poetic, Tam," said my mother, who had followed his description with her eyes, and felt the truth of it.

"Eh, mem! I never made a verse o' poetry in all my life, but I'm very fond of reading it. But they say there's a shepherd down Ettrick ways that's written some very bonny things. Me! no, no; I have no gift that way, and you must just be laughing at me, mem, to speak o't. But what I like verses for is that they put in words what I have often thought myself, but didna ken how to express; and I suppose that's the use of poetry."

This kind of conversation lasted some time; but at last my mother changed it by remarking that we must not sit much longer in the open air at this season of the year, and that she would be glad to hear how his courtship was progressing before we returned home.

"Finely, mem, finely," said Tam, cheerfully; "the old folk have given their consent, and Susy's agreeable."

"But how did you get her to understand that you want her to be your wife?" asked my mother, with natural curiosity.

"I'll tell you, mem. You could scarcely believe what a quick creature Susy is by nature, unless you were often beside her. It was a story that her mother tellt me about her glegness that first made me think how we might get her to understand it. The Bissets have a number of Scripture prints pasted up on the walls, that they bought from a travelling packman (pedlar). One of them is meant, it says below, to represent Joseph's marriage to Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. Joseph's got a light blue coat with gilt buttons on him, yellow breeches, and a grand ruffled sark at his bosom, besides top-boots, no unlike them that the duke wears when he comes here for the hunting. The bride is something browner than him—I suppose the Egyptian folk were darker in their colour than the Israelites; but she has braw ornaments on her head and neck and arms, and she has a red silk gown on, open in front, with a white satten petticoat below it. King Pharaoh is seated on his throne, with a gold crown on his head and a scepter in his hand, with all his counsellors round about him; and the pair are standing in front of them. Joseph is holding up the third finger—that everybody kens is the marriage finger—of the bride's left hand, and is just slipping a plain gold ring over it.

"Weel, mem, her mother, who is aye in the house with her, and kens her ways best, saw that Susy was greatly taken up with this picture when they first got it. She was clearly trying to make out the

meaning o't, but couldna succeed, till one night all at once it seemed to break on her. From looking at the picture, she came and set herself down beside her mother, and began to examine what hand her marriage-ring was on. Having made herself sure of this, she then fell to counting the fingers, and found that her mother's ring-finger was the same as that one of Asenath's that Joseph was holding up. Then up she jumps from her stool, making her mother, who thought it best to humour her, to rise and stand in the middle of the floor. Then she would have her father get up next, which he was sweet to do after his day's work; but his wife advised him to please the poor lassie, as there was evidently something working in her mind, and she couldna bear to cross her. So up he got, and Susy made him stand in front of his wife, as it is in the picture—only the braw claes were wanting. Then she took off her mother's ring, made her father hold up the third finger of his wife's left hand, gave him the ring, and made signs to him to slip it on the finger. And when he did it she clapped her two hands together in great glee, and then pointed to the picture, as much as to say that she had now found out all about it. Now, mem, wasna that wonderful clever for one like her?"

"Very remarkable indeed, Tam," said my mother.

"Well, the way we brought it to bear on my case was this. I had begun to come gey and often at nights; and I aye took a seat beside Susy, as Mary's lad did beside her. And I would give her a smile and a nod every now and then, with maybe a bit kindly clap on the shoulther by way of variety. And she didna take it ill, and gloom at me, as I feared at first she might. Then one day that the maister sent me to the fair I bought a bonnie ribbon for her, the very colour of Asenath's gown; and she was real well pleased with it, that was she. Well, mem, one night when there was nobody there but her and the gudewife and me, the gudewife, as we had planned it between us, signed to me to rise and stand in the middle of the floor. Then she brought Susy and placed her in front of me; then she took off her wedding-ring and gave it to me; and I held up Susy's left hand and third finger, as in the picture, and slippit it on. Then—then—well, mem, I just put my arm round her neck and gave her a good smack to show that I was claiming her for my wife," said Tam, reddening and laughing heartily; "it was all in the way of honest courtship, you know, mem," added he, apologetically.

"Certainly, Tam," said my mother, highly amused by the description.

"But the end o't was gey droll," continued Tam. "She evidently considered that she was my wife, and that the ring now belonged to her, for when her mother wanted it back, she aye pointed to me and wouldna give it up. And the truth is, mem, I have been obliged to buy the wedding-ring already, although we're not to be married for some weeks yet; and as it's broader and more shiny than her mother's, we found no difficulty in getting her to take it instead. Her mother and her have been over at the house to see what things are wanted there; and they got the lend of a cart yesterday, and a neighbour's laddie drove it to the town, to get them. I gave the old wife, who's a grand hand at making bargains, the five-and-twenty pounds, telling her to get the gown and shawl for Susy, and either of the two for herself, as a marriage present, with what was

over. And when they came to the door at night with the things, didna the old wife hand me back two pounds of what I had given her! It'll be a nest-egg to provide for Susy if it's the Lord's will that I'm taken away first; I have put the notes back into my mother's stocking and hidden it away in the old hole. The only thing I'm vexed about, mem, is that I canna be married by my own minister. But, you see, they belong to Mr. Tait's parish, and they wouldna like to pass him by—he's a fine man too, Mr. Tait. But Susy will come with me to my own kirk when we're man and wife."

And we left Tam on his hillside, and much amused and interested we were by the information he had given us about his betrothal.

So Tam and Susy were married. Mr. Tait, as we learned from him afterwards, had so far to alter the usual ceremony as to substitute signs for words in laying the marriage vows upon the bride; but Susy, from her extraordinary acuteness, evidently comprehended much of their meaning. The marriage was laughed at by many, and wondered at by all except those who, like my father and mother, were acquainted with Tam's reasons for making such a choice. Tam appeared with his wife in church; and though most eyes there were bent inquisitively on them for at least the first two Sabbaths, he stood the scrutiny with composure, and as if he was not ashamed of the step he had taken. As for Susy, the people had to acknowledge that though a "dummy," she was in looks and behaviour "just like other folk."

My mother paid a visit of congratulation at Tam's cottage not long after the marriage. She made it in the evening, that she might be certain of finding him at home. Our knock was followed by the cheery sound of Tam's voice inviting whoever it was to enter. We did so, and found Tam sitting by the bright fireside in the "big chair;" for Susy had always seen her father occupy the seat of honour as head of the house, and now followed her mother's example by yielding it up to her "gudeman." Tam gave us a most beaming welcome, and the chair was vacated for my mother's accommodation. It was a pleasant home picture we had intruded upon. The dogs lay on the white hearth-stone like privileged inmates, and the cat was in Susy's lap. She was seated opposite to her husband's chair on a stool—Tam's seat in childhood—which seemed her favourite position, and knitting diligently as he had described to us. She was neatly and becomingly dressed in the national "short gown"—a dress much more picturesque than the "wrapper" of present times—a full woollen petticoat striped black and red, and a blue and white check apron, whose strings gathered the short gown tidily in to her waist. She had not the dull, heavy look which those who suffer from her deprivation often have, and her quick observant eyes seemed in great measure to supply the lack of her absent senses.

Tam seemed delighted to show his wife and his altered house to my mother. It was altered truly. The new articles of furniture, of course, did something towards the change; but it was the order and cleanliness that now reigned instead of the former dirt and confusion that were the principal cause of it, and which pleased my mother; and she could not but think that Tam had been guided wisely though strangely in his choice of a wife.

He pointed out to us with simple pride the various



articles of Susy's own "providing." These were a tea-tray, gorgeous with a bunch of red and white roses in the centre, and two small trays to match; a tea-service of coarse but showy china, which was brought out from a corner "aumrie" for my mother's inspection; but, above all, a neat small chest of drawers of mahogany—second-hand, it is true, but in excellent preservation. A clean white napkin was spread on its top, and on it stood a jug filled with sprigs of dark green holly with their scarlet berries, a tree of which grew in a corner of the kailyard, but by whom planted no one could tell. Above the chest of drawers, and suspended by a nail to the now whitewashed walls, was a small square mirror in a mahogany frame, with several peacocks' feathers stuck above it for ornament. While Tam was thus occupied Susy stood quietly looking on with eyes that noted everything, and plainly expressed pleasure at my mother's inspection.

"It's all paid for, mem, with her stocking-money," said Tam, exultingly; "she's kent to be so grand a worker of stockings that she'll often get an order for a dozen pairs at once from a shop in the town. It's the same shop where her mother got the shawls and gown, and they made them cheaper on account of the stockings. And they pay Susy for her work fairly—very fairly. You have seen her in the gown and shawl at the kirk, mem, so we needna show you them."

My mother had seen them at church, and thought them most suitable and of good material.

Susy had also been dealing with the packman, for on the walls were various cheap Scripture prints of that period, in flaming reds and yellows, with here and there a dash of green and blue to heighten the effect; and I observed that the most conspicuous one, both in colouring and in the place allotted to it, was a duplicate of Joseph's marriage to Asenath. Absurd though these prints were in design and colour, they brightened the cottage walls, and were evidently considered extraordinary works of art by their owners.

"Doesna she keep a clean house, mem?" said Tam, clapping his wife approvingly on the shoulder; "she kens the way to do't, though I didna; and it's just as clean in the darkest corner as in the lightest. She'll no allow peats to be under the bedsteads on account of the dirt they make; so I have had to contrive a kind of shed for them with some old wood that the maister let me take from the farmyard, and I have theekit it with heather to keep out the wet. And there's no gathering of sticks and other things under the bed now! I think," added Tam, laughing, "that my poor old mother would say I was ower well off, if she could see how comfortable Susy makes me. The patchwork covers on the beds, mem—arena they very bonnie?—were made by Susy when she was just a lassie. Mem! she's that active. She brought a brush and whitening with her from her mother's; and the very morning after we were married didna she make me help her to lift all the heavy things out to the front of the house; and when I came home at night there were the walls and the roof cleaned in every corner, and her waiting for me to help her to carry the things back again. There's nothing like a wife for comfort. You were very right, mem, in counselling me to get married; and dinna you think I have just fallen on my feet for a wife?"

"I think you have, Tam," responded my mother,

as she heartily shook hands with the pair, and smiled kindly to Susy.

About a year after this period—of course we had seen Tam often on the hillside, and also in his cottage, during the interval—we heard that an infant daughter was born to him.

"And they say that Lang Tam's just extraordinarily proud o' the bairn," said Jess Gillespie, who was our informant, and who could never see anything in Tam but his simplicity.

Another congratulatory visit, of course, had to be paid by my mother to Tam's cottage. She delayed it, however, till she heard that Susy's mother, who had nursed her daughter during her confinement, had returned to her own home.

We found the pair seated exactly as on our first visit to them—Tam in the arm-chair, and Susy on her stool with the never-failing knitting in her hands—but between them now was an infant's cradle, the low old-fashioned cradle which was rocked by the foot, and in which Susy herself had lain when a baby. Tam was a very proud father, as Jess Gillespie had said. It was most amusing to see him stoop over the cradle, and lift out the child in his great brown hands to exhibit it. It protested most vigorously at having its sleep broken for our gratification.

"Hear to it, mem—just hear to it!" cried Tam, looking down admiringly on the baby, which my mother had relinquished to Susy after "feeling its weight" according to custom; "she's no dummy, at any rate; and she's no deaf, for when I was so stupid one day as to knock down a heavy dish from the table that made an awful rattle on the hearth-stane, she gave such a start. It was while the grannie was with us, and a good scolding she gave me for so frightening the wean."

"But, Tam," said my mother, with a smile, "what about the peace and quietness here that you compared to heaven? I am afraid that must be gone now."

Tam scratched his head and laughed. "Hoots, mem!" said he, "I wasna married then. And who could say that the bit greet o' a bairn was a disturbance! Since ever the grannie tell't me that greeting was strengthening to its lungs, poor wee wifie, I think it's just like music. And when I said that to you, mem, I had clean forgot that there must be thousands and thousands of such wee bairns in heaven, although they mayna greet there."

That year my father died. We had to leave our pleasant manse and kindly people, most of whom my mother parted with never to meet them again on earth. But amongst the many who regretted our departure, there was no one who grieved more deeply, or whom we more sorrowed to part from, than Lang Tam Tamson.

#### A STORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

VISITING at a country house lately, I saw on the walls of the dining-room the portrait of a bluff country squire of the earlier years of George III. "Ah," said my host, who observed that I was struck by the picture, "that is the man, my ancestor, whom George III wanted to knight, and who had the stag-scene at his house."

But I had not heard of the event in question—

"Oh, it is all in print," he said; "at least, a good part of it." Then he arose and handed me an old topographical book, where I found some mention made of the incidents I am about to relate, but my friend gave them with a fulness of detail unknown to the worthy chronicler of the archaeology and history of a certain Hundred in the county of Berkshire.\* As far as I can recollect I will give the story in his own words. They give some notable traits in the character of the old king, and a pleasant picture of the yeomanry of his day.

It happened when I was only a child (said my aged friend), but I heard the story told again and again, until I knew it all by heart. My grandfather had a great big farmhouse on the side of the downs. The farmhouses were somewhat thinly scattered about the country-side, as the farms ran very large. None was prettier than my grandfather's house, with the tall elms, the huge ponds, the great hall opening on the drawing-room, with its wide bow windows that opened upon the lawn.

One day, after dinner, which we used to take in the great hall, my grandmother, who was not very strong, had gone to lie down, when my aunt—pretty Aunt Mary—thought she would go into the drawing-room and get a book. The drawing-room was rather a state-room, and, according to the fashion of those days, was very little used, except on great occasions. The master was away with the men, my grandmother was lying down, and Aunt Mary would take a book or her work and sit in the capacious arm-chair in the dining-room. Aunt Mary slipped into the drawing-room to get her book, but on opening the door a singular spectacle was presented to her gaze. A beautiful stag was standing in the room, admiring himself in the tall mirror. It was a hunted stag that had sought refuge through the open window. He seemed in a thankful mood at having got into a quiet spot for a breathing space. Not a single article in the drawing-room was disturbed, the stag being either struck with amazement, or taking unwonted pleasure in the picture in the mirror.

Mary softly closed the door. She ran into the garden to find a servant to go and tell her father the news. Then she peeped into the bedroom to see if her mother were asleep or awake, and finding that the former was the case she hesitated about disturbing her. Then she moved about the hall very restlessly, listening for any sounds. She was afraid of entering the room where the stag was, and sadly afraid, too, lest the stag should smash any of the resplendent furniture of the drawing-room. The stag, however, was still apparently wrapt up in the contemplation of its own form.

Suddenly there was a noise and hubbub, a baying of dogs and a tramp of horses. From the hall window Aunt Mary saw the lawn covered with dogs, and several horsemen were riding on the turf. Others were coming up the road, and in the rear there was a vast hubbub, for the whole village was turned out into the street. As if by magic, all the quietude of the afternoon was changed into noise and confusion.

Farmer Pottinger had been rather out of the way, and was now coming up the street himself. "They be the king's deerhounds, master," said one of the labourers, "and the stag has gone up your way. Some do say that the king himself be there, but it is only hearsay." All that Farmer Pottinger distinctly

understood when he came upon the scene was that the sudden quiet of his dogs was rudely interrupted, that his house and premises could hardly be called his own, for they seemed to be in possession of a regular mob, among whom the brilliant scarlet uniforms predominated.

In the meanwhile the unresisting stag was quietly secured. The dogs were kept off. The crowd stopped outside the drawing-room window, with the exception of two or three who had entered the room, leaving their horses outside with the attendants. My grandfather had now thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing. The bright-eyed creature was secured, and now the only question was whether the hunt should be resumed, or whether the deer should be carted back and kept to a future day. Lots of rustics were about the window while this talk was going on. The labourer Giles, peering in, exclaimed, "I heerd say that the king was here, but there's nobody here who's got a crown on his head." Forthwith a swift whisper ran up and down the crowd, "The king! the king!"

Then one of the gentlemen turned round hastily and said, "I'm your king, my good people; I'm the king." And several times he repeated, "I am your king!" to the joy and bewilderment of us all.

Grandfather Pottinger was as much astonished as any of them. He was now able to recognise the bluff, kind, honest face of George III. He had seen him several times before, but certainly had never expected to see him in his own drawing-room. He led off three hearty cheers for the king, which the company gave with hearty goodwill, and the place rang again.

"We will finish the hunt another day," said the king, after he had bowed to the people, asked who owned the house, and exchanged kind words with my grandfather. "We had better cart it back to Windsor, and another day we will hunt it from Bayley Wood."

"May it please your majesty," said my grandfather, "since it was taken so remarkably in my big room, I wonder if I might be permitted to take charge of it until such time as your majesty may again be pleased to hunt. Bayley Wood will be nearer here than from the Windsor kennels."

So his majesty was greatly pleased with the idea, and he appointed a day in the next month, when he would come and hunt the stag afresh. My grandfather told the gentlemen of the hunt that there would be lunch for them on the third Tuesday of the next month. And presently the king and his great company passed away, leaving the quiet household as unsettled and excited as ever farmer's household had been.

I assure you, my friend, that the excitement never abated altogether so long as we were looking forward to that forthcoming Tuesday. It was an anxious time. Would the day really be a good hunting day, or would it be postponed—hopelessly postponed, perchance? And would the king really come himself, or only one of the princes or some of the court? The stag was kept and tended with the greatest care. We were not allowed to make a pet of the stag, but somehow many in the household, and Aunt Mary most of all, grew so fond of it that she grew quite sad when she thought that it had to be hunted by the houndsmen and the dogs. But the thought of the high luncheon on the day drawing near drew aside her thoughts to hospitable cares.

\* Hewett's "History of the Hundred of Compton."

The king himself came, however, and did my grandfather the honour of a long talk with him. He asked my grandfather about his farm and prices, and his family, and his stock on the land, and what the people thought of the war. And as they were about to part, his majesty said, "Mr. Pottinger, I am sure we are all very much obliged to you for taking care of the stag and for your excellent entertainment. I shall be very happy to knight so loyal a gentleman, unless it should be an inconvenient honour;" and here the family legend is that the king got hold of a sword, or something that was to do for a sword; but another account, and a more likely one, is that his entertainer was to attend at Windsor on a certain day.

However, the proffered honour would have been an inconvenient one for my grandfather. He was one of those large tenant-farmers who were making fortunes in those prosperous days, and, indeed, made almost the backbone of the country during those days of the French war. No such careers, no such fortunes, are possible for our farmers now. But he thought that he would be none the better in driving a bargain or attending a farmers' ordinary because he had the "Sir" dangling as a frontispiece to his name. So the offer was gratefully declined, and my grandfather never went to Windsor to be knighted. But he was one who to the last day of his life paid king's taxes without grudging, even when the income-tax stood at ten per cent.

I think that what pleased my Aunt Mary most of all was what happened to the noble stag that she had first seen in our drawing-room. There was a splendid run that pleased the king greatly, and never could George III have been in a better humour than on that day. When at the close the stag was brought to bay, the king said that it had done so nobly, and he was so pleased with all that happened, that he should give orders for the creature to be turned out for the remainder of its days into pleasant fields with green coverts. There the stag long survived, greatly to Aunt Mary's satisfaction—and as a lad I have had the pleasure of seeing it.

We have many anecdotes in Berkshire about George III; he was quite a farmer among farmers, a country gentleman among country gentlemen; but I think this little incident of the stag, and his taking lunch from us, and his caring for the stag, as good as any story told.

F. A.

## THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER VIII.—A BUDDHIST NUNNERY.

AS soon as my duties would permit I endeavoured to find the Buddhist nunnery, but I was fairly bewildered at the change in the once beautiful edifices of Yuen-ming-yuen, which formerly stood as prominent landmarks to guide to the locality. At length I discovered a group of devotees performing the *Ko-tow* (that is to say, literally knocking their heads against the stones in the road) before a public altar by the wayside. All save one ran away, but this one, a woman, and apparently a nun, I captured, and questioned as to the object of my search. To my great astonishment she fell at my feet, saying, "Noble barbarian, it is you that I have been in

search of day after day, at the request of the fair Loo A-Lee, who longs to thank her deliverer, and to know when she can return to her father in the city."

I rejoiced at this accidental success, and proceeded cheerfully on the way with my nun companion, who proved to be a most intelligent woman, and had evidently belonged to the better class of Chinese.

When we reached the entrance to the convent, we were freely admitted, and I was kindly welcomed by the head priestess. She led me into the apartment where my prize from Yuen-ming-yuen was seated on a bamboo couch, surrounded by a number of novices, or juvenile nuns. She rose at my entrance, while the young girls made their exit, leaving the abbess behind, and during the conversation that followed I had a good opportunity of observing the face and figure of Loo A-Lee. In the north of China, where the winter is rigorous, both males and females have a much fairer complexion than those in the south, and many women and children have naturally rosy cheeks. In these respects she had a complexion as fair as the ordinary run of her sisters in England. Neither were her eyes so acute in the angle of the eyelids as we see Chinese eyes generally represented—which is, however, considered a mark of beauty in China. She had exquisitely arched eyebrows, and her hair was softer and not so jet black as usual. Her hands were delicately small, and her feet were of the natural size, not having been bandaged into a stump. She was tall, and graceful in her movements, and would have appeared the belle of an English drawing-room.

I told her that the Anting gate was in possession of the Allies, but no person was allowed to go in or out, until the ambassadors had negotiated terms of peace with the government. This would probably happen in a few days, when I would visit the convent again and escort her into the city, obtaining a pass for her safe conduct through the camp. She thanked me for this offer, and said she would be ready at any time to leave.

As so good an opportunity might not have occurred again of seeing the interior of a Chinese nunnery, I asked the abbess to show me through it, and to explain the regulations of the order. She assented, and frankly told me all about the institution and its government, which is by no means so strict as those of Romish convents. The candidates are not admitted into full orders until they attain the age of sixteen. Prior to this, and from the commencement of their ascetic life, they assume the garb peculiar to the sisterhood. The chief apparent distinction between the novices and those in full orders, is that the heads of the latter are wholly shaven, while the former have only the front part of the crown shaven. The younger nuns have plaited queues flowing down behind. The nuns mostly had large feet, clumsy shoes, long stockings and garters, full trousers, short jackets, and wide sleeves; with bald pates and skull-caps, precisely as the priests have. But the priestesses had smoother countenances, softer looks, sweeter voices, and were more tidy.

When the young woman has bared, or shaved her head—a sign of making religious vows very different from that of "taking the veil" adopted in the nunneries of Europe—she is required to live a life of devotion and mortification. She must eat and drink sparingly, and her diet must consist of vegetables only. Strong meats and drinks are to be avoided as poison. The business and cares of this world are not



to engross her attention. She has retired from it, and must be fitting herself for eternal canonisation. Nothing should occupy her thoughts or engage her affections but the service of the temple in the precincts of which she lives. Daily exercises are to be conducted by her, the furniture of the small sanctuary that forms a part of the convent must be looked after and kept clean and orderly; those women or men who come to worship at the altars, and seek guidance or comfort, must be cared for and assisted. When there is leisure the sick and the poor are to be visited, and all who have placed themselves under her special direction and spiritual instruction have a large claim upon her regard. That she may live the life of seclusion and self-denial she must vow perpetual maidenhood; the thought of marriage should never enter her head, and the society of men must be shunned.

As far as I could see these rigid rules were not seriously complied with, and there appeared no great amount of devotion at their religious exercises, especially among the novices. Their sacred books consisted of many volumes, printed in large text on fine paper. For these they had a profound respect. The rapidity with which the pages and sections of the books were hurried off at their religious exercises was amazing. Both the young and the old nuns seemed equally expert at their recitations, but there was nothing of a devotional spirit about them; their demeanour was anything but devout. I was shocked to see the levity of the juvenile nuns in paying religious homage to the goddess Kwan-yin; they were as merry and tricky, as flirting and frolicsome, as any party of girls met to keep the birthday of one of their schoolmates.

#### CHAPTER IX.—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ALLIED FORCES INTO PEKING.

WINTER was fast drawing on; each morning was ushered in by a hard frost, with its coverlet of snow daintily spread on the tops of the semicircular range of hills; and though the sun continued to rise and pursue his course each day through a clear unsullied sky, yet the chilling air began to affect the health of the Indian troopers and their Arab horses. It was, therefore, with no small delight that the allied army hailed the prospect of peace, and a speedy termination to the privations of camp life.

Although the sacking and burning of the imperial palaces at Yuen-ming-yuen was considered as the act of an avenging Nemesis, for the foul deeds the Emperor and his cruel satraps had committed, yet it was resolved that a money compensation of a hundred thousand pounds should be demanded from the Chinese on behalf of the surviving sufferers and the relatives of the murdered victims. Lord Elgin therefore gave Prince Kung to understand that unless the money was forthcoming on a certain day, and peace at once concluded by a convention and ratification of the treaty of Tien-tsin, the army would attack the imperial palace inside Peking, and compel the Chinese government to come to terms. Up to the morning of the day named no reply was given. The troops were already detailed for the attack, and the guns placed in position to open fire on the city, when a countermanding order was issued. Lord Elgin's threat had wrung the necessary reply at the eleventh hour, and everything was ceded which his ultimatum demanded. The Prince was true to his word, and the indemnity was paid on the appointed

day. The ratification of the British treaty and signature of the convention was appointed for the day following.

The hall selected for this important ceremony was that pertaining to the Imperial Board of Ceremonies. The two principal interpreters were entrusted with the arrangement of the hall and with the settlement of points of etiquette. It was arranged that the British commissioner should be the first to enter the city with his retinue, and the French plenipotentiary, Baron Gros, the day afterwards. Accordingly on the afternoon of the appointed day, the procession attending Lord Elgin entered the capital of China through the Anting gate.

A detachment of cavalry led the way, followed by detachments of the various infantry regiments, with two regimental bands which continued playing alternately the whole distance. Then came sundry officers on foot, followed by others on horseback. The general and his staff came next, immediately preceding Lord Elgin, who was seated in a green sedan-chair, carried by sixteen chair-bearers. His staff rode on either side, and the rear was brought up by more detachments of infantry and cavalry. As the procession entered the gate, the French guard on the left side turned out and saluted their brethren in arms, the band striking up "God save the Queen." When the procession was within the walls, the troops marched through the main street between a double line of infantry amounting to two thousand men, who fell in at the rear, forming altogether an imposing force of eight thousand men and officers. At the entrance of the Hall of Ceremonies there was a spacious courtyard, where the Chinese stood on the left side and the British to the right. Prince Kung and numerous mandarins were already waiting in the open hall which stood at the other end of the courtyard. As his lordship advanced up the avenue, the troops presented arms and the band saluted him with the national anthem. The Earl then walked to the farther end of the hall, and took the seat of honour prepared for him, at the same time motioning the Prince to take the lower seat on his right, about fifteen feet off. A table covered with red cloth stood before each. Sir Hope Grant sat on Lord Elgin's left, and, ranged behind a row of tables down the hall on the left, sat and stood the other officers that were present at the ceremony. Behind similar tables on the right were ranged native princes and mandarins of every class of nobility.

Prince Kung—a cadaverous-looking young man of twenty-three, with a long, pale, smooth-shaven face—bore a timid, sulkily demeanour throughout the ceremony, and answered snappishly to the questions put by the interpreters. He was dressed in a long purple damasked silk robe, with a round dragon flowered piece of embroidery on each shoulder, breast, and back, and on his head he wore the winter official cap, but with a button of twisted red silk instead of the various mineral buttons that decorate mandarins. A necklace of carved beads hung round his neck. His nether garments were of the imperial yellow colour, and his boots of embroidered satin.

After the signature of the convention followed the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of Tien-tsin, entered into two years before. These documents bound the Chinese to open several new ports to British commerce, and to pay an indemnity equivalent to two millions sterling for the expenses of the war. Terms of the same character were concluded

with the French afterwards. A minute recording the exchange of ratifications was then drawn up in duplicate, and being signed and sealed by the plenipotentiaries, one copy was given to Lord Elgin and the other to Prince Kung. So soon as the business was concluded Lord Elgin took his leave, accompanied by the procession as before, and the guns on the Anting gate announced to the world that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and China.

After the ceremony the Prince of Kung proposed

of natives and foreigners. Great was the throng at all the entrances on the opening day. The Chinese who had deserted their houses in the suburbs to take refuge within the walls of the city at the commencement of hostilities, were now flocking out to visit their homes, and see if the "barbarians" had plundered them. As it was necessary for any one wishing to visit the city to have a pass, there were not many belonging to the army who obtained admittance the first day. I was among the few who applied and secured the necessary order,



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

to give a banquet to Lord Elgin and the principal officers; but this was declined, as it was still feared that the treachery of the Chinese might find vent in poisoning the food. The French, however, accepted a banquet after the ceremony on the following day, when it was said that the Prince was in better spirits. That same day Lord Elgin took up his quarters inside the Tartar town, in the palace of the haughty Prince of E. The royal regiment accompanied him as body-guard.

#### CHAPTER X.—LOO A-LEE RETURNS TO HER FATHER.

PEACE being now restored, the gates of Peking were thrown open to the free ingress and egress

and went in search of my fair prize at the nunnery, to escort her into the city. This time there was no difficulty in finding the place, and I was heartily welcomed by the abbess and Loo A-Lee. I assured the latter that she could rely upon my protection, and learnt for the first time that her father was a mandarin of the fifth grade, who was attached to the Board of Rites and Ceremonies, and lived in the Tartar portion of the city, not far from the great hall connected with the Board. The chair and the two bearers, who had brought my prize from the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen were still at the nunnery, and we set out together, as before, without loss of time.

From the gates of Peking we passed along a wide

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street that leads through the Tartar district of the city, having other streets equally wide crossing it at right angles. The houses were all one-storied, and not in good order. There were shops of all sorts, with open fronts, or windows of close lattice, covered with thin white paper in the inside; from butchers, who dealt in raw meat, as at home, in carcasses, chiefly mutton and pork, to "chow-chow" shops, where meat pies were made and dressed. Then came hat shops, grocers' shops, ready-made clothes shops, druggists, and the hundred-and-one trades that go to supply the necessities of a large city. Numerous customers were buying, and the hum and bustle reminded me of the busy streets in the east end of London.

The whole of the central causeway was occupied by a dense moving mass, composed of operatives in every department of active life. Tinkers, cobblers, blacksmiths, barbers, were there with their locomotive shops; and booths and tents were erected on the kerb of the footway for the sale of tea, fruit, rice, and vegetables, so that little space remained for foot-passengers. There were public officers with their retinues bearing canopies, lanterns, flags, and numerous insignia of rank and station; coffins attended by mourners clad in white; and brides conveyed in glittering palanquins, the cries of sorrow from one procession being occasionally drowned by the shouts of exultation and peals of music that ascended from the other. Mixed with these were troops of dromedaries laden with coals, wheelbarrows, and hand-carts, and an immense concourse, literally struggling for liberty to go in pursuit of their way or their wants.

After passing through this great thoroughfare the chair-bearers turned into a comparatively quiet street, where there were scarcely any shops or stalls. This was the street leading to the government offices, and the houses are chiefly the residences of officials. Very little of these dwellings was visible from the road, as they were mostly surrounded by high brick walls. It was only when abreast of the entrance gates that a glimpse of the buildings within could be obtained.

At length we stopped at one of these gates of ornamental trellis-work, and the front chair-bearer knocked for admittance. A doorkeeper seated inside, smoking his long-stemmed brass pipe, undid the bars, and the sedan-chair was carried into the vestibule. As I was about to follow, the porter was going to close the gates in my face, but a sweet voice from the chair ordered him to forbear. He recognised his young mistress's voice, and with a smile and a bow allowed me to enter.

From the vestibule we went through an intricate dark passage, which led to an open court, or rather garden, with ornamental rockwork, water, and flowers. Around were the apartments appropriated exclusively to the accommodation of the family. Here the sedan-chair was set down, and Loo A-Lee stepped out, ordering the chair-bearers to proceed to the kitchen for some refreshment.

"Welcome, noble stranger," she then said, "to my father's house! When he knows how bravely you have rescued me from the doomed palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, he will be more profound in thanks than I, but he cannot feel so grateful as I do for your protection and kindness. And now I must go and see if my father is at home. I am afraid he is not, for he should have made his appearance by this

time. Indeed, I fear there is something wrong in the house, for it seems so deserted. Wait here until I return," and with that she entered one of the apartments.

I sat down on a porcelain seat in the garden, before a table of the same ware, and did not wait long before Loo A-Lee returned with an old duenna, stating that her father and friends were in great tribulation as to her safety, and had that day gone out to search for her, but had not yet come back. After obtaining some refreshments I bade her adieu, and hastened back to the camp, passing the city gates just before they were closed.

#### HOW GIPSIES ARE SOMETIMES TRUE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

THAT gipsies and other fortune-tellers do sometimes give true predictions is generally believed, but there is always a good explanation, if it can be discovered. This was illustrated in the case of an Austrian officer, Baron von Weber, in a war with the Turks early in the eighteenth century.

Near the camp was a gipsy sutler's tent, to which many of the soldiers resorted to have their fortunes told. The baron heard of it, and while ridiculing the superstition, went one day to the fortune-teller, "just for the fun of the thing," as the saying is.

No word could be got from the gipsy but "the twentieth of August," repeated over and over in a peculiar and impressive tone. About a week before the twentieth the gipsy came to the baron's tent, and begged he would leave her a legacy in case he should die on the twentieth of August, offering on her part the gift of a hamper of good tokay wine to drink her health, if he should live to claim it. As there were other officers present, although the baron thought the woman either a rogue or a fool, he pledged a good round sum of money against the woman's tokay, and the paymaster of the regiment was called to sign, seal, and deliver the contract, amidst the laughter of those who witnessed the affair.

The twentieth of August arrived. The baron's regiment had to furnish a piquet for the night. Of the two officers senior to the baron, one was taken suddenly ill, and the other was seriously injured by being thrown from his horse, which became violently restive just as he was mounting. The duty consequently devolved upon the baron, who, with his men, proceeded to his post.

In the course of the night a sudden attack was made by a large body of Turkish cavalry, and the Austrians, being surprised, lost many men. The baron, severely wounded, was left among those supposed to be dead. In the morning, however, he contrived to reach the advanced posts, and was thence conveyed to the camp, where he recovered, after some weeks' suffering, and rejoined his regiment.

Soon after, the gipsy reappeared, bringing the hamper of tokay, congratulating the baron on his narrow escape, and saying at the same time that many of her predictions had been verified, and that she had obtained many legacies.

The mystery was before long simply but thoroughly cleared up. Two Servian Christians, having deserted from the Ottoman camp, on seeing the pretended fortune-teller, recognised her as having often visited the Turkish army by night to report the movements

of the Germans, and that a Turkish cypher was her passport. Being seized and examined, the cypher was found upon her, and she was consequently condemned to death as a spy.

Before her death she confessed that, by her double office as spy, she had learnt much in both camps, and especially from those who came to consult her as a fortune-teller. As to what concerned the baron, she said she fixed on the date of his death as likely to be a notable example, by which she might confirm her authority with the common soldiers and others inclined to superstition. At the approach of the twentieth of August she visited the Turkish camp and gave information of the strength of the picket, urging the enemy to make an attack in force on that night. To the commanding-officer she had sold some wine containing a deleterious potion, which caused his illness. At the moment when the second officer was mounting, she came near under pretext of selling something, and unperceived slipped up the nostrils of the horse some irritating substance which occasioned his unusual violence. In this way the baron was on duty the very night of the prediction, which only by merciful providence failed to be verified. Had his wound proved fatal, the reputation of this woman as a prophetess would have been wonderfully enhanced. But the discovery of the imposture cured many of her dupes of their foolish superstition.

The present narrative of this affair may not be useless. In our own "enlightened days" there are numbers of people who still have a lingering faith in fortune-telling. This credulity is not confined to the poor and illiterate, who listen to vulgar tramps and gipsies. Crowds of "fashionable people," in what is called "good society," encourage the imposture of spiritualists and other rogues, who, by means of previous inquiries, and cunning artifices, obtain information sufficient to give colour to some of their predictions, and thus sustain the credulity of other dupes from whose folly they gain their disreputable living.

#### REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION.

**T**HE Reformatory and Refuge Union was established in 1856, as a centre of information and encouragement for reformatories, refuges, industrial schools, and other similar institutions, for the purpose of obtaining and diffusing information as to the working of such institutions, of promoting concerted action between them, of facilitating the establishment of new institutions of the kind, and of furthering the temporal and spiritual welfare of their inmates. When the Union was first instituted attention had not long been aroused to the necessity for the prevention of juvenile crime, and the training of the deserted and neglected children.

Even a year after the Union was formed there were only 34 certified reformatories, and some 160 voluntary institutes connected with it, having accommodation for about 15,000 inmates; now there are 65 certified reformatories, and about 300 industrial schools, making a total of 365, with accommodation for 31,500 inmates. Thus, mainly in consequence of the exertions of the Union, these valuable institutes have nearly doubled in number, and more than doubled in usefulness. Since its first establishment the Union has made grants of money to assist refuges and reformatories in need to the

amount of £28,000, thus freeing many of them from the incubus of debt and the disheartening dread of being forced by want of means to discontinue their good work. This large amount has been distributed in various sums from £10 to £460; and before the grants were voted some 500 careful visits of inspection have been made by members of the council.

From time to time, though at periods not too often recurring, conferences of managers of institutions have been held for the mutual interchange of experience, and for the discussion of matters bearing upon their work; and as the result of these meetings much knowledge of a practical kind has been obtained, which has been utilised in various ways. Of the several agencies the Union employs in London, some of the most effective were due to such interchange of experience. We shall briefly notice some of them, that the reader may see how the Union prosecutes its labours. First, there are its Christian female missionaries, who are to be found night by night in the streets of London, seeking to rescue the fallen of their own sex. During the past year they have succeeded in saving 824, about half of whom they have provided with situations, while they have effectually relieved in various ways most of the remainder. They labour in assigned districts, and make the character of their mission as widely known as possible, in order that any young women desirous of forsaking their sinful course of life may know where those ready and waiting to welcome and assist them are to be found. In the next place, there are the Union's workhouse missionaries, who visit the workhouses with the view of saving young girls from the contamination and debasement of the Magdalen wards. Connected with this mission is a home which receives friendless or fallen girls, either from the workhouse or the streets. Hundreds have been helped, many of whom have been trained to honest service, whilst many others have been restored to their friends. Again, there is the Union's Suicide Agent, appointed for the help of those who have attempted to commit suicide; this agent is in constant communication with the chaplain, and is often the means of raising the unhappy subjects of his care out of the slough of despond into which they have fallen by restoring them to their friends, or by giving them an opportunity to retrieve their characters. Both these last-named works are carried on under the superintendence of the Female Mission Committee.

Next comes the "Boys' Beadle," an exceedingly useful personage, whose duty it is to befriend and aid the neglected children in the streets, and to discover the persons who fail in their duty to take care of them. He could only do this effectually by careful investigation of the cases that come within his notice, and adapting his services to their several needs; some he has restored to their parents or guardians; some he placed in "Homes" or refuges; while he has remitted the vagrants to industrial schools and reformatories. When the London School Board resolved to appoint similar officers, it was in contemplation to abolish the Union's beadle; but upon consideration it was resolved to continue his services; and at the present time he works in co-operation with the School Board officers, who have to resolve the difficult problem of dealing with deserted children. How great is the difficulty is shown by the Report of the Committee of the London School Board's Industrial Schools, from which it

appears that of 1,307 children picked up in the streets, only 624 could be sent to certified schools. The rest had to be dismissed, or sent to voluntary institutions, and it was only through the exertions of the Boys' Beadle, and his taking up such cases when the Board could not deal with them, that, in many instances, they were permanently provided for, and not compelled to return to their former way of living.

Another important agent is the Union's "Educational Inspector," a well qualified gentleman who devotes a portion of his time to the examination of the schools of the refuges, homes, and similar institutions, and sees to the efficiency of the teaching imparted to the scholars.

The last of the Union's agencies we need mention in this brief notice, are the Agents for the Relief of Discharged Prisoners. We believe that there is no agency of a reforming kind more valuable than this, and none which yields better returns, whether we look at them from a moral or a social point of view, for the money and the labour invested in it. We learn from the Report of the Metropolitan Relief Committee, that of 3,393 men who have been sent to the committee from the Coldbath Fields during nine years, 233 have, so far as is known, returned to crime; and of those who have been reconvicted, many have by no means relapsed into habitual crime; while from others letters are continually received expressing gratitude for the aid they received, and hope for the future. In asking for aid to this special mission the committee appeal, and rightly so, not only to the charity, but to the interest of every Englishman, observing, that unless discharged criminals are enabled to support themselves by honest industry, they will assuredly make society support them either as thieves or prisoners. In connection with the prosecution of a work so important as the reform of criminals, the committee make in their Report a suggestion of the utmost value, as well on account of the great advantage to the community to which it points, as of its evident practicability. What they would urge is the establishment of a Central Aid Society which should act for all similar societies throughout the kingdom. The difficulty of finding employment for prisoners on their leaving the gaol is very great, but it would be vastly diminished if the society possessed complete information as to the existing demands for labour. A central agency in London in correspondence with the provincial societies would acquire and would impart information of this kind, and, after a little experience, would be in a position to act as a kind of labour "clearing-house," with the happy result of obtaining a far wider field for the allocation of the unfortunate subjects of their care.

Some of our readers will doubtless be desirous of assisting in the prosecution of some of the good works to which we have directed their attention. They can do so with the certainty that whatever they contribute will be applied for the purpose for which it is given, seeing that the administrative expenses of the Reformatory and Refuge Union are merely nominal. Contributions are solicited for the *General Fund*, for maintaining the general operations of the Union; for the *Refuge Fund*, for supplementing the funds of refuges and homes in need of aid; and for the *Female Mission Fund*, for the maintenance of the Female Mission to the Fallen. For further information we refer readers to the Report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union for 1874, and would

point them to the Appendix as teeming with interesting details supplied by managers, etc., of some forty institutions in connection with the Union.

The office of the Union is at 34, Parliament Street, s.w.

## Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

### EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

WOULDEST thou endure? Seven nations of thy foes

Withstand thee: wouldst be valiant in the fight  
Which daily, hourly thickens? turn to flight  
Their alien armies? through offending woes  
Or fierce temptations pass to that repose  
Which, in the Eternal City out of sight,  
Beyond the border Mountains of Delight,  
True to the end the happy warrior knows?  
Then thou must follow and not lead: obey  
And not dictate: the spiritual cloud,  
Unheeded by the captious and the proud,  
For movement or for rest must rule thy way.  
All-conquering Israel is the lowly child  
Who owns that heavenly leading through the wild.

## THE LAND OF THE GIANT CITIES.

BY THE REV. W. WRIGHT, B.A., DAMASCUS.

III.

WE now proceed in a south-westerly direction, with the raised edge of the great lava bed on our left, and an immense ocean-like plain on our right. It is impossible to get rid of the impression that we are moving along the tide mark between a great ocean and its rugged shore. The Lejah (Argob), which is raised twenty or thirty feet above the plain, runs out into promontories, and is indented with bays and creeks, and all the headlands have their ruined towers, like lighthouses, and the bays have their little black ruins, like fishing villages; and low grey tents here and there in angles of bays and creeks, propped up with sticks, remind us of nets and fishing-tackle drying; and out on the ocean to the right, camels, steering in different directions, and greatly magnified by the miragy atmosphere, heave and toss about like boats; and the thick fat smoke of an occasional Arab's fire hangs black in the air, like the smoke of a steamboat starting on a voyage; and the small round stones on which our horses stumble ever call to mind the "pebbly beach." The real objects around us have all the marks of sea and shore; but in addition, the mirage as usual is playing all kinds of fantastic tricks, throwing up beautiful wooded beaches with castellated crests, and spreading out glassy seas which mirror all the surrounding objects. We coast along keeping clear of the headlands, crossing bay after bay in succession. In several of the bays are little Arab encampments of five or six tents each. The men are away with their



flocks, and the women, who are hideously tattooed and frightfully dirty, are occupied in churning goats' milk. The churn is a goat's skin which has been drawn off the goat like a stocking. All the openings of the skin are tied except the neck, and when the milk is put into the skin the neck opening is tied too. A woman then gets down on her knees beside the skin, and rolls it backwards and forwards with her hands, which is the churning process. She uses her fingers as a strainer to separate the butter from the milk, and she then places the butter separately in another skin. I have sometimes partaken of such butter, but it smells of camel and tastes of leather, and no one can look at it without sympathising with the Yankee, who guessed it would be better to put the butter in one ball and the hairs in another, and then he could exercise his discretion.

The first time I passed this way we had a most exciting chase. Our party consisted of several clergymen and a celebrated painter and his wife. I ascended a rising ground to get a view of the magnificent landscape, and just as I reached the top of the eminence I came face to face with an armed Bedawy. He was a scout sent on in advance by a party of Arabs who wished to pass that way to see if the country was free of Druzes. As soon as he saw me he galloped off in a most frightened manner, and I, not knowing what he might be, signalled our Druze escort, and we all started in pursuit, our lady companion among the foremost. As long as the Bedawy kept his distance he made straight for his companions, but when he found we were gaining upon him he doubled like a sly old partridge which wishes to decoy the enemy from its young. The day was bright and bracing. The ground inclined gently in the direction of the chase. The Arab, like "the manslayer" fleeing before "the avenger of blood," bent to his horse's neck, parallel with his spear, and seemed to fly over the plain. The Druzes, like the avengers of blood, thundered along on his track. Our lady friend and her companions galloped along promiscuously in the rear, and thoroughly enjoyed the chase. Those who have seen the excitement of huntsmen, after a miserable little hare or fox, can form some idea of our feelings in this wild chase, where the quarry was a son of Ishmael on his own ground, and our fellow-hunters were the chivalrous Druzes, his inveterate enemy. The Bedawy fled for dear life, but after a brief course he was brought to the ground. He of course expected instant death at the hands of the Druzes, and he seemed when we came up as if the bitterness of death were already past, but his manner instantly changed when he found that our presence secured his safety. We kept him till near night, and then sent him away happy with a good backshish.

Near the same place we came upon game of another kind—a large bustard (*Otis tarda*) and a flock of katta (*Petrocles*), or pin-tailed sand-grouse. This bustard was the first that my companion or I had ever seen at large, and so we stalked it carefully from different sides. We both got within long range of it, but did not fire—for the same reason that a friend of mine did not shoot at partridges once when they were flying round his head—lest we should miss it. I have since seen the same magnificent birds in the wide plains bordering the Orontes. There the young chieftains of Hasya catch them with hawks, which seize the wing of the great bird and bring it to the ground. I succeeded, however, in getting several specimens of the katta, and I was the more

anxious to have them as I knew that Hasselquist and others had declared these were the quails by which the children of Israel were miraculously fed in the wilderness. I once saw them migrating, and they seemed sufficiently numerous to feed all the hungry tribes of the desert. They swarm so thickly in the desert that the Arabs snare them, and knock them down with sticks, and sell them for one halfpenny apiece. At Haushhoush, near Bosra, Burckhardt declares "the quantity of kattas is beyond description; the whole plain seemed sometimes to rise, and far off in the air they were seen like moving clouds." Russell says "a donkey's load of them may sometimes be taken at one shutting of the clasp-net." They lay their eggs on the desert, and so thickly are they strewed over the ground that they are gathered every morning like manna. The Arabs go forth two and two, carrying a skin between them with its mouth open like a sack. Other Arabs, men, women, and children, scamper about picking up the eggs, which are of a black-greenish colour and as large as pigeons' eggs, and throw them into the bags. The eggs are of course all broken up, but the compound is strained through a hair sieve into other skins, and then served out like molasses for use. The finest specimen I got was nine and a-half ounces weight, and between the size of a partridge and a pigeon. Its colours and tints were very beautiful. A broad band of chestnut, edged with dark green, encircled the breast, and the upper surface of the body was streaked with alternate bars of yellow, and green, and silver-grey, and on the centre of the feathers were yellow heart-shaped spots. When flying it shouts, "Katta, katta!" from which sound it takes its Hebrew and Arabic name, and it takes its English name, "pin-tailed," from the fact that the two central feathers of the tail are elongated about seven inches, and stand out forked. We found its flesh dark and tasteless, like that of an old pigeon, and much inferior to partridge. There are many circumstances in favour of these being the quails of Scripture, but I am convinced that the kattas are the kith of Scripture, birds strictly unclean to the Israelites, which frequent desert and solitary places. The Hebrew name for quails is almost the same as the Arabic, and they migrate through Syria in enormous numbers every spring.

After a ride of two hours a raised promontory stretches out before us, and on its isthmus rise massive, black, jagged ruins. We work our way with difficulty along what was once a Roman road and enter the city Phaena. The most conspicuous ruin is a temple in a good state of preservation, and the most striking object in the temple is an enormous scallop-shell in the semicircular recess in the back side of the temple opposite the door. The columns which support the half-fallen roof are curiously wreathed with oak chaplets near the top. There are niches round the walls for statues, which would, no doubt, be found Dagon-like on their faces if the debris were removed; and one still sees traces of yellow and purple fresco on the plastered walls. The spirit that seeks immortality by scribbling on walls was abroad when this temple was erected. Hence, on the lintel of the door, and over the niches to right and left of the door, and on the stones of the architrave, are long and beautifully-cut Greek inscriptions. Some of these inscriptions contain forty lines, and in some of the lines are over seventy letters. What a paradise for the "dry-as-dusts"!

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The inscriptions, however, are of great importance. The longest is a letter from the legate to the citizens touching the lodgment of soldiers and strangers. It begins thus: "Julius Saturninus," alias Smith, "to the Phaenians in the metropolis of Trachon greeting." We ascertain that Trachonitis, of the Tetrarchy of Philip\* (Luke iii. 1), and the modern Lejah, are one and the same, and that Phaena was the Roman capital of that region. From another inscription we get the date of the building, which was a little after the middle of the second century of the Christian era. From the date of this building we may approximate the dates of the other buildings. The palace, or residence of the legate, now tenanted by swarms of blue rock pigeons, is three stories high. Around this are grouped the other official residences of the city. The style of architecture is the same in all the buildings: well-built walls of moderately sized stones, roughly dressed; roofs of long, hewn, finely dressed stone slabs, closely jointed, and resting on cornices round the walls and on central arches; stone windows and doors, whose pivots project from above and below into lintels and thresholds. These buildings of Musmeih have a light, airy appearance, seldom met with elsewhere in Bashan. The native part of the town is of the usual low, gloomy character, and the Roman structures beside them strike one at first sight as being of yesterday, in comparison with them; but then the native houses are generally built of the undressed old stones brought in from the lava beds, and the structures look as aged as the materials of which they are built. On the other hand, the Roman part of the city has a fresh and modern appearance, being built with stones dressed and chiselled, and fresh from the quarry. The accumulation of rubbish, however, is as deep about the Roman houses as about the native houses, and in most cases deeper, which would prove that the native houses are of more recent construction. And this view is not unreasonable when we consider how much less solidly they are built than the Roman structures, and how much less fitted they are to endure the wear of ages. On the other hand, the native houses stand on much higher mounds of accumulated rubbish than the Roman houses, a fact which points to many reconstructions of the native houses. These facts, however, in no way go to disprove the remote antiquity of the city, but only the remote antiquity of its present buildings. It may be added that there are structures in the suburbs half cave, half house, which might be of any age. There is, however, little accumulation of rubbish about them, and they show few signs of occupation.

Musmeih is not a comfortable place to linger in. Tall men armed with long guns, which reach a good distance whether they carry far or not, follow us stealthily, and watch all our movements from afar. Their teeth are glittering white, and their black eyes have a peculiar uncertain light. Their only garment is a shirt, reaching from neck to heel, which, from colour and circumstance, seems to have been born at their birth, and to have grown with their growth. Through this garment peep lithe and brawny limbs of a dark olive colour. A camel's-hair rope two or three times round the head, and a broad leathern girdle, with knives and charms pendent, complete their toilets. They are all barefooted, and as they are little en-

cumbered by flesh or garments, they run over the ruins like tigers. When approaching a group of ruins, you hear the crowd following with such a tumultuous noise, and with such vigour of epithets, that you suppose they are coming to blows. You turn and face them, and they shy back like fish in a pond, and there is a great calm. As you enter the ruin you see a form emerging from it at the other side, and when you pause in the centre to get an idea of the structure, you know that a score of pairs of eyes are converging upon you, as in a focus, from every part. They peep at you from every window, from over the wall, in at the open doors, and down from the portions of the roof still remaining. When you look at one of these gazers, he returns your look with furtive, pickpocket glances, and soon disappears. When you move on to another position, they hurry after, noisily comparing notes, and again scramble up the walls like monkeys, and take up their positions as mutes. Everything you do is wonderful. A compass is an instrument for pointing out the position of hidden treasures. A cylinder that lets out and in a long measuring line is looked upon as an inexplicable work of the Jann. But the greatest wonder of all is my Prince Pless breechloader, which they endow with virtues that would make it the idol of all the military powers of Europe.

Before these unsophisticated creatures it is the custom with some travellers to swagger and to bully any of them that come in one's way, and this conduct sometimes meets its reward in the bully getting thrashed; for these men, though shy and sheepish-looking, are not cowards when their blood is up, and as they live like wild beasts in dens, they fear no law or government. I have always found that a joke, or anything that makes them laugh, gains their confidence in a wonderful manner. They are astonished to hear you use their own language, and a question or a proverb which interests them throws them off their guard at once, and you can send them flying over the place, searching out inscriptions, and bringing you antiquities, in a manner that the Sultan himself could not command.

There are more people among the ruins than on my former visits, owing to the supply of water holding out, while it is exhausted in other villages. We follow our horses to the water at the west of the town, and find swarms of women at the different tanks or cisterns drawing water. The tanks are very numerous, and seem to be half cave, half well. The women are partly gipsies, and partly from the Arabs in the neighbourhood. They are lightly clothed like the men, and are horribly tattooed. They have the white teeth of the wild animal, and the piercing glance of the basilisk. Their speech resembles the sharp barking of a dog, and as they draw up their skins of water they scream and swear at each other like fiends. They are a most unlovely-looking set, who have seldom heard or uttered a kindly word, and who have not one attractive feature; and yet those black buttered tresses, escaping down their shoulders from under sooty bands, are eagerly sought to adorn lovely brows in the saloons of civilisation. There is in the town a ruffian who watches these hideous harpies till they fall, and then, vulture-like, rushes upon them, and tears off their hair to supply raven locks for the European hair-market.

When we attempt to continue our journey southwest we get inextricably lost among tortuous mazes of lava; and though we are in the midst of Arabs, no

\* I have a coin of this tetrarch struck at Caesarea-Philippi in the 12th year of his reign, and 8th A.D.

one will tell us where the path is without first receiving two bashliks—over two francs. At last a woman, with a remnant of the instinct of her sex, points in the right direction, and after dragging our horses up and down black waves of rock, that ring metallic under their feet, we emerge on a path flagged with broad stones worn slippery as glass. We soon reach the coast-line, and for a mile or so I walk along the high edge of Argob parallel with my party, in order to get a better idea of the strange and awful district. The lava lies in great petrified waves, and these huge waves are generally split along the centre of their ridge, and the two sides falling away, leave a yawning chasm, wide at the top but narrowing towards the bottom, and disclosing the heart of each wave. The scene has a weird, unearthly appearance. Here we cross the party that engaged to start from Dasmascus with us, but were being led about through the land, at the will of their dragoman.

We coast along the edge of the Lejah in a south-westerly direction, crossing broad bays which end in narrow creeks, and skirting headlands with their lighthouses in ruins. We pass likewise four considerable towns, with high towers, on the coast of the Lejah, and a number of smaller ruins. The country on our right is entirely under cultivation, and towards night we join in a long stream of farm labourers returning from ploughing. The ploughman generally rode a little donkey, carrying his plough across the saddle before him, and leading his two oxen behind. The men were strong, healthy, and hearty. They were going to Khubab, and so were we, and we swept along together. As we enter Khubab, we meet all the youths of the place drawn out in line to receive us, headed by the priest, the sheikhs, and the schoolmaster. As we pass all bend to the ground to honour us, the holy father lowest of all. It soon appears that some mistake has been made, and that honours have been given us that were not intended for us; for the sheikh, an old acquaintance, darts forward and shakes hands with me in the most familiar manner. For a moment Sheikh Diab is the most envied man in Khubab, for Lord Snifly's dragoman had sent a report before that a prince was coming, and the simple people beheld with wonder and awe their own sheikh shaking hands with the prince in the most familiar manner. It was curious to hear them telling one another that they felt assured from the beginning that I had nothing princely about my hat; but when the real scion of nobility did come, his appearance impressed them so little that they let him pass without a nod, though they had been waiting all the evening to give him a princely reception. He that would rule Easterns must not neglect appearances. When the Crown Prince of Prussia came to Dasmascus he was looked upon as of little account, chiefly, I believe, because he did not wear a crown through the streets; and nothing seemed so inexplicable in that wonderful Franco-German war as that so quiet-looking a man could be a soldier at all. The Russian prince entered Dasmascus last year in princely trappings, and the effect was marvellous. An old Moslem who stood by my side exclaimed, "Wulla such a giant!" and then he went off into the following soliloquy: "Praise be to God who raises up men like themselves to destroy them." Of course he meant the English, whose mission in the world is to fight the Russians whenever Turkey calls upon them to do so.

## THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

WE have been always accustomed to speak of the costliness of war. But we are learning that there may be a condition of things almost as disastrous and quite as costly, viz., an armed peace. Europe is at this moment at peace, but "it is a peace," says the "Times," "not only full of mutual suspicion and mistrust, but one which entails as great a burden as Europe collectively has ever borne as the cost of war. Our talk still is of peace and progress; but Peace has been shorn of its accustomed blessings, and Progress has chiefly enabled us to devote more money and greater efforts to the preparation for mutual destruction." These remarks are suggested by the following table, given by the "Times" Berlin correspondent, to illustrate the increase in the military forces in the principal European States in the last fifteen years:—

	Year.	Total Army.]	Army available for Offensive Purposes.
Austria . . .	1859 . . .	634,000 . . .	445,800
	1874 . . .	856,980 . . .	452,450
		increase 222,580	increase 8,650
European Russia and Caucasus . . .	1859 . . .	1,134,200 . . .	604,100
	1874 . . .	1,401,510 . . .	665,810
		increase 267,310	increase 61,710
Asiatic Russia . . .	1859 . . .	89,950 . . .	75,656
	1874 . . .	118,300 . . .	87,550
		increase 28,350	increase 11,900
Italy . . . . .	1859 . . .	317,650 . . .	156,450
	1874 . . .	605,200 . . .	322,000
		increase 287,550	increase 165,550
Germany . . . .	1859 . . .	836,800 . . .	483,700
	1874 . . .	1,261,160 . . .	710,130
		increase 424,360	increase 226,430
France and Algeria . . .	1859 . . .	640,500 . . .	438,000
	1874 . . .	977,600 . . .	525,700
		increase 337,100	increase 87,700
Belgium . . . .	1859 . . .	80,250 . . .	53,800
	1874 . . .	93,590 . . .	59,140
		increase 13,340	increase 5,340
Holland . . . .	1859 . . .	58,550 . . .	42,200
	1874 . . .	64,320 . . .	32,430
		increase 5,770	decrease 9,770
Great Britain . . .	1859 . . .	245,800 . . .	77,300
	1874 . . .	478,820 . . .	71,860
		increase 233,020	decrease 5,440
Denmark . . . .	1859 . . .	57,550 . . .	38,450
	1874 . . .	48,700 . . .	30,500
		decrease 8,850	decrease 7,950
Sweden and Norway . . .	1859 . . .	134,900 . . .	46,300
	1874 . . .	204,510 . . .	54,910
		increase 69,610	increase 8,610

The number of men contributed for military purposes by every million of inhabitants in the principal States, may be seen from the following table:—

	Number of Soldiers for Each Million of Inhabitants.	
	The various Classes of the Army.	Available for Offensive Purposes.
Austria . . . . .	27,821	15,674
European Russia and Caucasus . . .	20,086	10,021
Italy . . . . .	25,175	13,863
Germany . . . . .	36,815	20,624
France and Algeria . . . . .	29,059	16,290
Belgium . . . . .	20,333	13,013
Holland . . . . .	19,230	9,894
Great Britain . . . . .	16,088	2,935
Denmark . . . . .	30,392	19,748
Switzerland . . . . .	77,624	40,251
Servia . . . . .	105,913	69,977
Roumania . . . . .	30,196	10,029

The Servians and Swiss having no army, but only a militia, it follows from the above that universal conscription has nowhere become so oppressive as in Germany. Next to Germany follow France, Austria, and Italy, whose offensive forces taken together do not much exceed the total that could be summoned for defensive purposes by Germany.



## Varieties.

**PAPER CHURCH.**—There exists near Bergen, in Norway, a church constructed of paper, which can contain nearly a thousand persons. Its interior is of a circular form, while its exterior is of octagon shape. The reliefs without and the decorative statues within, as well as the vaulted roof, nave and Corinthian capitals, are made of *papier-mâché*, which have been made waterproof by soaking them in a solution of quick-lime, curdled milk and white of egg. It appears to us that this is up to the present the boldest use which has been made of paper. However, it ought not to cause great surprise, since the same material is partially employed in private houses, steamers, and public buildings, where *papier-mâché* is used for ornamentation instead of plaster cornices or embellishments cut out of solid stone. We confess our preference for the employment of bricks or stone in the construction of churches, but the preceding fact demonstrates the impossibility of foreseeing where the genius of industry of our century will stop with regard to the use of paper. Who, some few years ago, would have thought it possible to cover with glass a superficial area of eighteen acres? This fact has, however, been realised. When we think that psalms are chanted by a thousand voices in a church constructed of old rags, imagination may take its boldest flight, and everything may be expected from perseverance and the science of the times.—*Papeterie Française*.

**OFFERTORY STATISTICS.**—The following figures, showing the offerings made in four London churches last year, give curious statistics:—

St. Mary, Newington, 30 per cent. in copper	£937
St. John, Hammersmith	1,001
St. Mary Magdalen, Paddington	5,693
St. Peter, Eaton Square	6,085

The "St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Parish Magazine," gives an interesting table of the coins which make up this sum, viz.:—31 cheques; 91 bank-notes; 1,457 sovereigns; 1,375 half-sovereigns; 17 crowns; 3,092 half-crowns; 5,128 florins; 20,547 shillings; 19,638 sixpences; 3,582 fourpences; 12,278 threepences; 18,956 pence; 8,891 halfpence; 597 farthings; 60 foreign coins.—*Church Bells*.

**RELIGIOUS SECTS IN SYRIA.**—The effects of the Crimean war on the Mohammedan mind are even now not fully developed; but it is obvious that prejudices have received a severe shock, and Christian books are making their silent way into the most unexpected quarters. Prayerful and watchful expectation will be the present attitude of the friends of the Missions in Palestine, Asia Minor, and Constantinople. Syria contains representatives of almost every religious sect to be found in the Levant, besides others not met with beyond its borders.

1. Mohammedans, the lords of the country, about 150,000; divided into the Sunni, or followers of Omar, dominant in Turkey, Egypt, Syria, and parts of Hindustan; and the Shia, or followers of Hassan and Hossein, dominant in Persia, and bitterly hostile to the former.

The Druses (population 100,000), the Ansayrii (population 200,000), the Ismaelites, or Assassins, now few in number, and the Metawileh (population 25,000), may be regarded as heretical offshoots of Islamism, though their particular tenets, which they keep a profound secret, are but imperfectly ascertained.

2. Yezidis, or devil-worshippers, the bulk of whom are to be met with in Mesopotamia and Assyria.

3. Jews (population 40,000), subdivided into Talmudists; Karaites—who reject the Talmud, and are found principally in the Crimea; Chasidim—fanatics, not dissimilar from Mohammedan dervishes; Habadim, or Quietists; and Zoharites, so called from their adherence to the Talmudical book, Zohar.

In connection with them may be mentioned the Samaritans, between whom, however, and the Jews the bitterest hostility still exists. They are now dwindled down to 150 or 200 souls at Nablous (the ancient Sychar).

4. The Christian sects of Syria and the adjoining countries—

(1.) The Greek Church—called by themselves "The Catholic and Apostolic Oriental Church"—with the four Patriarchates for Turkey in Asia, having their seats at Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The two latter are virtually, though not nominally, subordinate to the Patriarch of Constantinople, and have each under their jurisdiction eight bishoprics.

(2.) The Greek-Catholic Church (population 40,000) was formed by a secession from the Greek Church about 120 years ago. Their liturgical language is Arabic; they receive the Lord's Supper in both kinds; their priests are allowed to marry; they keep Easter after the Oriental tradition; but they acknowledge the Pope's supremacy, and follow several Romish customs. The Patriarch resides at Damascus, and their ecclesiastical dignitaries are usually Arabs by birth, educated at Rome.

(3.) The Maronite Church (name derived from their first Bishop, who flourished in the seventh century) embraces about 200,000 souls, the descendants of the ancient Syrians. Their ecclesiastical language is Syriac, an unknown tongue to the generality. Their Patriarch resides on Mount Lebanon. They are bigoted and fanatical Romanists, with, however, certain usages of their own, most of their priests being married.

(4.) The Latins are native Roman Catholics of the European Church, but few in number, under the supervision of the convents.

(5.) The Syrian or Jacobite Church consists of but few members. Their Patriarch resides near Mardin in Mesopotamia.

(6.) The Syrian Catholics, but few in number, bear the same relation to the Syrian Church that Greek Catholics bear to the Greek Church—i.e., they are Papists, retaining the language and certain of the rites of the Church from which they have seceded.

(7.) The Armenians in Syria are few in number, but important from their wealth. They are an ancient Oriental church, and their version of the Scriptures (about A.D. 421) is valuable in determining the Greek and Hebrew texts. They have few holidays, and condemn the worship of images. They are governed by four Patriarchs, of whom the principal resides at Echmiazin, near Erivan.

(8.) The Armenian Catholics are a papal offshoot of (7), as (2) is of (1).

(9.) The Copts are the Church of Egypt, numbering about 200,000 souls. They are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians—the Arabic form of the name, Kuhl, being apparently connected with *Afyutto*. They practise circumcision.

(10.) Abyssinians regard themselves as a branch of the Coptic Church, though far outstripping them in absurd legions, superstitious ceremonies, and the worship of saints and angels. They regard Pontius Pilate and his wife as saints. Their worship is in the ancient and to them almost unknown Ethiopic language.—*The Church Missionary Atlas*. [Excellent maps, prepared with great care, and each illustrated by a good historical summary.]

**DOCTORS SEE PEOPLE WITH LEAST DISGUISE.**—Ministers of religion see people at their very best. When a visit is expected the Bible or some pious book is found on the parlour table, and all seems serene and fair. Lawyers see people at their worst, and good legal advisers have a task to resist the angry feelings that would hurry them into bitter lawsuits. But doctors see people just as they are. From them few wish to hide their real condition.—*Dr. Livingstone*.

**MR. PLIMSOLL HONOURED BY FOREIGN SEAMEN.**—An address, illuminated on parchment, was lately presented to Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., by a deputation of sailors from ships plying between London and Hamburg, of which the following is a copy:—"Honour to whom honour is due! This address to Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., the sailor's friend, is presented by the undersigned, representing over 600 seamen, who trade between Great Britain and Hamburg, to express their admiration of and to show their gratitude to him who has for many years taken a deep interest in the welfare of sailors. At a meeting held in the Sailors' Institute, Hamburg, it was unanimously resolved to offer our thanks and give some humble proof of our appreciation of such disinterested and self-denying work by asking you to accept this testimonial, which has been subscribed to by master-mariners, engineers, officers, and men. That your valuable life may be long spared (with that of your dear wife, to whom we look with reverence as your untiring coadjutor in this great and ennobling work in trying to prevent shipwreck and loss of life, thereby lessening widows' tears and orphans' cries) to bring to a successful issue such good and praiseworthy labours we will ever pray; your honoured name engraven upon

our hearts, taught to our children, will not be forgotten when your voice is no longer heard in debate pleading the cause of humanity." Mr. Plimsoll, in thanking the deputation, said that he was taken by surprise, as he never expected such a handsome memento as that which had been presented. He begged the deputation to express to the sailors at the Institute at Hamburg his sense of their kind recognition of the efforts he had made, and he trusted that such legislation as would materially diminish the worst evils complained of would be entered upon. Complaints, we ought to add, have been made as to the exaggerations of some of Mr. Plimsoll's statements, and the actions for libel by some shipowners ought to make him more guarded in future, and his zeal consequently more useful.

FRANCIS JEFFREY AND HIS MSS.—Of Jeffrey's habits of work we do not know much. But what we do know is characteristic of the man. He never took up his pen till the candles were lit; and, like Sheridan, and Byron, and Charles Lamb, he did most of his work in those fatal hours of inspiration from ten at night till two or three o'clock in the morning. Adopted originally, perhaps, from the exigencies of his profession, Jeffrey continued his habits of study and of work all through his life; and the only disagreeable incident attending his elevation to the bench was, at least in his own estimation, the hard necessity it imposed upon him of breakfasting now and then at eight o'clock in the morning. His manuscript was inexpressibly vile; for he wrote with great haste, wrote, that is, as most men do whose thoughts outrun their pens, generally used a wretched pen, for he could never cut a quill, and altered, erased, and interlined without the slightest thought either of the printer or his correspondent. Sydney Smith was always quizzing Jeffrey upon his scrawl. "How happy I should be," he says, in one of his notes, "if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself. I can scarcely ever read them!" He gives a description in another of the sort of perplexities he got into in trying to puzzle out Jeffrey's manuscript. "I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it." Constable's printers followed Jeffrey's copy as Scotch terriers follow their quarry, by scent, for it was impossible for any of them to put two sentences together by sight.—*Authors at Work.*

LIFE AT CAPE YORK, NEW GUINEA.—In a letter from Mrs. Murray, whose husband has charge of the New Guinea Mission, we read: "The few poultry we have are fed on rice. There are horrible large serpents here from seven to ten feet in length, which devour the fowls. We have lost many in that way. After finding out the cause of their disappearing, we made places for them in the back verandah, about ten feet above the ground, but it was of no use, they were devoured still. Then we had some put in boxes in the dining-room. One night we heard a great noise among the fowls. Mr. Murray went to see what was the matter, and to his great horror there was a huge serpent hanging over a cask with a fowl in its mouth. It is still a mystery how the serpent got into the room, unless it was at one of the small windows near the ceiling. Four or five large serpents have been killed near our house since our arrival."

YARKAND.—In his book "From Lahore to Yarkand," Dr. George Henderson gives pleasant notices of the countries which he visited in the expedition of 1870 under Mr. Forsyth. Dr. Henderson thus describes his first view of Yarkand. "The city wall is about thirty feet high, and is built entirely of sun-dried bricks, and outside the wall there is a ditch. We entered by one of the gates, and found a guard drawn up inside, composed of villagers, or the peaceful inhabitants of the city, shopkeepers, and others who formed the Yarkand reserve force. . . . We passed through many winding streets, most of them clean and wide, and in many places roofed over with trellis work and wires, as at Kargalik. The shops and houses were precisely like those in every Oriental town; but from the scarcity of timber and the absence of stone and kiln-burnt brick, all the houses are limited to one story in height. Our residence was extremely spacious and comfortable, and had evidently been built and fitted up specially for our use, which must have been a work of several months. Chairs and tables had also been provided. A splendid *dastarkhan* (entertainment) was at once brought in. Our quarters consisted of several courtyards; one of them was laid out as a flower-garden, and had a tank in its centre surrounded by rows of willow-trees." This is the bill of fare of a good dinner in Yarkand:—"First came melons, grapes, apples, pears, and apricots, with all sorts of jams and sweetmeats. One dish, much like marmalade, was composed of the pulp of some preserved fruits and finely-sliced carrots, flavoured with lemon. After the fruits and sweets, and a great variety of fancy bread and biscuits, a large tray of *numtoos*

was brought in. These are a favourite dish in Yarkand, and consist of minced mutton flavoured with onions and sweet herbs, enclosed in a thin film of very nicely-made soft paste, and cooked by steam. The *numtoos* were followed by hash,—i.e., a baked leg of mutton buried in rice and carrots. The Yarkand mutton is delicious." This is a sketch of the general appearance of the people:—"We could not avoid remarking that a number of the Yarkand faces are precisely like those of Englishmen, being for the most part quite as fair, and many of them having rosy cheeks. No females were observed, and I was afterwards told that the rule against females appearing in public is more strictly observed in Yarkand than in most Mohammedan countries. . . . In the villages we saw numbers of women. As we approached they always disappeared, but we could often see numbers of pretty faces trying to get a sight of us through the chinks of the doors or peeping over the garden walls." The total distance from Jami, the winter capital of the Maharajah of Cashmere (a few hours' distance from Lahore), to Yarkand, is a little above 1,000 miles, taking about seventy days marching, exclusive of halts.

TUDOR SHOES IN WINDMILL STREET, FINSBURY.—At a late meeting of the British Archaeological Association, a collection of shoes, consisting of fifteen examples, found in Windmill Street, Finsbury, was exhibited. They were of the date of Henry VII's time, and a few of Henry VIII's. Stow, in his "Survey," states that the street, where the shoes were found, received its name from the following circumstance. On the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard there stood formerly a chapel and a chancel-house, which were founded in 1287, but were pulled down in 1549. In that year the bones from the latter building were removed, to the extent of about one thousand cartloads, to Finsbury Fields, and a mound was formed by dust and all sorts of rubbish being thrown over them. On the mound three windmills were erected; and these shoes, it is thought, were part of the rubbish of which the mound had been originally formed. Many of the shoes exhibited resembled in shape those represented in the manuscript of the "Roman de la Rose," which was executed in Henry VII's time, and most of them, no doubt, belonged to that period.

"PAPIST OR PROTESTANT, OR BOTH BETWEEN."—Pope, the poet, in a letter to the Bishop of Rochester (November, 1717), says:—"I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasion of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but, I thank God, I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British Constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England, which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties."—*Letter of Mr. Pope.*

HARVEY MEMORIAL WINDOW.—A stained glass window has been placed in the parish church of Folkestone to the memory of Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who was born in the town in 1578. It is the gift of the medical profession, more than 3,000 of whom have contributed towards the cost. The artist was Mr. C. E. Kempe, of Beaumont Street, London. In the chancel of this church there is a brass to the memory of Joan Harvey, mother of Dr. Harvey, which bears the following inscription:—"A.D. 1605. Nov. 8th, dyed in ye 50th yeere of her age, Joan, wife of Tho. Harvey, mother of 7 sones and 2 daughters, a godly, harmless Woman; a chaste loving wife; a charitable qviet Neighbour; a comfortable friendly Matro'; a provident, diligent Hvsuwyfe; a carefull te'der harted Mother; deere to her Hvsband; revered of her children; beloved of her Neighbour; elected of God; whose Sole Rest is in Heaven; her Body in this Grave, to her a Happy Advantage, to Hers an Unhappy loss."

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT.—The "Printing Times" advocates a "newspaper copyright." It says, the thing to be done "is to enact a twenty-four hours' copyright for all newspapers. This would prevent the appropriation of news both by evening papers and by those who furnish the commercial newsrooms of the country with information (which is really taken earlier) from carrying out practices which, however legal, certainly inflict a very serious amount of injustice. . . . We draw the line here—that whenever another man's brains are used they ought to be paid for either directly or indirectly; and we do not approve of the telegraphing to the country papers the body of fact and opinion which has cost the London paper probably ten times as much as it would cost the agency who sent it out."

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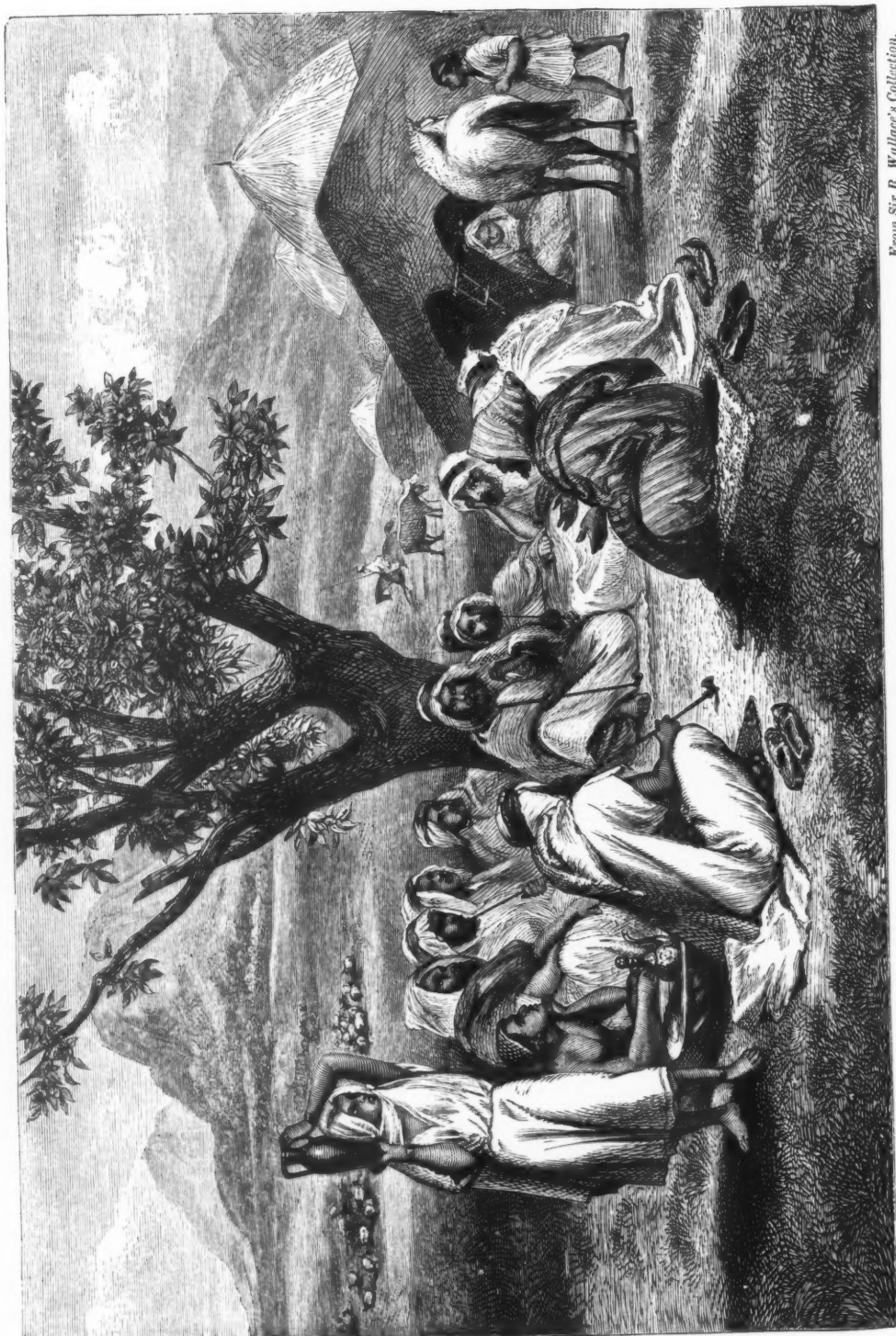
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